

NEVER MIND.

When the day looks sort o' dusty,
An' your grit is gittin' rusty,
An' your courage somewhat musty—

NEVER MIND!

Keep a-tuggin' at the tether,
Head an' heart an' heads together,
Through all sorts o' wind an' weather
Bein' kind!

When your burden nearly bests you,
An' no sum o' smilin' rests you,
An' all sorts o' trouble tests you—

NEVER MIND!

Chuck some cheer into your talkin'.
Put some spring into your walkin',
Leave old Gran'pa Grouch a-stalkin'
Far behind!

When your spirit feels like sighin',
An' it seems there's no use tryin'
To stave off a spell o' cryin'—

NEVER MIND!

Men were made to bear some sorrow,
Tho' it's not a thing to borrow—
But you're apt to strike to-morrow
Some big find!

When your way don't bloom with roses,
An' your way no sun discloses,
When your faith in fear reposes—

NEVER MIND!

Hold your head a little higher,
Draw your hopes a little nigher,
To a better end aspire,
Through the grind!

'Course, the road is o'ten muddy,
An' the skies ain't always ruddy,
But if you'll jest stop an' study,
You'll find

That the fellow who's a-winnin'
An' to sunny slopes a-spinnin'
Has kept sayin' since beginnin',
NEVER MIND!

—Anon.